



Will, Summer 1979 by mugglemom2

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Family

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-03-27 11:33:57

Updated: 2019-03-27 11:33:57

Packaged: 2019-12-12 20:29:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,751

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a one shot prequel to my story "The Snow Ball Effect." It explains the incident that Joyce and Will reference in chapter 11 of that story. Thanks for reading and reviewing! Waning-contains mild CP.

Will, Summer 1979

Eight year old Will Byers was one excited boy. It was summer and he had a new bike. His very own, not a hand me down from Jonathan. He'd saved his birthday money and allowance to pay for half and his mom had paid the other half. He was currently riding it in circles around his driveway, as his older brother Jonathan was finishing mowing the grass. Will steered out of the way when his mom's car pulled in.

"Hi, Mom!" Will called from his seat on the new bike, waving at her.

"You look great on that bike, sweetie!" Joyce called to him as she walked toward the front door.

"I'm going to ride to Mike's, see you later!" Will said, beginning to pedal.

"Whoa, mister, not so fast," his mom held up her hand to stop him. "You need to ask me but the answer is no for tonight, honey. It'll be dark soon." She turned back toward the door, expecting that to be the end of it.

"Mom, please! I want to go to Mike's," Will pleaded, his voice close to a full on whine.

"No," she reiterated kindly, shaking her head. "It will be dark by the time you'd be riding back and that's not safe. Why don't you put the bike up and we'll go in for dinner."

Will had always been obedient and cooperative, mature beyond his years even. She'd worked a double shift and was more than ready to get off her feet and enjoy the evening with her boys.

"Moooom" Will whined, still seated on the bike, "What if I come home before it's that dark?"

Glancing at the setting sun, she replied with a tired sigh, "Not possible. Even if you only stayed at his house a little while, which we both know you wouldn't do, it would be dark when you left."

"But..." he began, but she interrupted before his argument could continue.

"No buts. Put the bike away for the night and come inside." Surely that's the end of this, she told herself. She turned toward the house as Jonathan was putting the lawn mower next to the front door, having just finished cutting the grass.

Will was standing next to his bike now, his hands gripping the handlebars tightly. He stomped his foot and declared, "I'm going to Mike's!"

Jonathan sucked in his breath sharply in surprise.

Joyce's eyebrows raised as she pointed to the house, patience gone.

"Get inside now, Will. We are done talking about this," she firmly directed, pointing toward the house. Jonathan reached for the door, thinking it was indeed over, still in a bit of disbelief at Will's behavior.

"No!" Will yelled, stomping his foot again. "I'm going to Mike's and you can't stop me!" He had one leg swung over the bike seat in the time it took his mother to reach him and wrap her hand around his arm.

"What did you just say to me?" She demanded, her voice dangerously low.

"I said NO! I'm going to Mike's!" He tried to twist out of her grasp, at which point she reached around and landed a solid smack to his backside.

Jonathan, ever his brother's protector, and wanting to hopefully get him to turn his behavior around, called from the front door, "Hey Will, I'll let you listen to my records. Come on, buddy..."

"No!" He yelled once more, looking at his mother as his eyes filled with angry tears, still being defiant. "You're being mean!"

"I am not being mean, William Byers. You know better than to act like this. Let's go inside. Now."

She held his hand tightly in hers and walked toward the door.

Will was digging in though, and struggled against her hand, "Noooo. I'm not going in!"

"You do not tell me no, young man." Joyce forced her voice down so she wasn't yelling though she was rapidly getting angrier at her son's behavior. He had never acted so defiantly to her before.

Joyce had made it into the house, still holding Will's hand firmly in her own, practically dragging him along, but stopped just inside the door. She promptly turned Will to the side and delivered four crisp spanks to the seat of his shorts.

"Mama, stop..." Will cried, reverting to what he called her when he'd been younger, attempting to reach one hand back to cover his bottom.

Joyce sat on the couch and placed Will firmly on her lap. He winced slightly when his backside made contact with her legs. His face was streaked with tears and he threw his arms around his mother's neck. She recognized the crying was his guilt at how he'd talked to her as much as from the spanking. Four pops did not hurt that badly, though she knew they'd been firm.

"Do you need more reminders of how to behave?" She asked him. She could tell he felt awful about how he'd acted but also knew this was a point that needed to be driven home.

"Do I need to get the wooden spoon, hmm?" She knew she wouldn't follow through on the threat. She'd only done so once, a year ago, when Will had run into the street chasing a ball and had narrowly avoided being hit by a car. She scowled at the memory, knowing the boys' useless father was as much to be blamed as Will was. Lonnie was supposed to be watching them, but was too busy getting drunk on the porch with his buddies to notice his young son running into the road. Joyce had seen from the kitchen window, and had flown out the door, snatching Will just as a car swerved to avoid the small boy. And to think, that was the day Lonnie was supposedly trying to prove she should let him move back in. She was completely done with the man after that.

Will's head shook emphatically back and forth against her shoulder. Tears were still rolling down his cheeks; he reached up with one hand to scrub at his face, choking back sobs.

"You never tell me no, do you understand me?" She asked, still hugging him but also wrapping one arm around his middle. She maneuvered his body to lay over her lap, her right hand smacking his bottom twice more.

"Oww, yes I understand!" He cried.

"Mom, he won't do it again..." Jonathan's voice came from the kitchen, where he stood against the counter, looking nearly as distraught as his younger brother. He hated seeing Will get a spanking almost as much as he hated being on the receiving end of one himself.

One stern look from his mother told him to keep quiet, which he did.

"Jon, go to your room while I finish talking to Will. We're almost done here." She nodded toward her older son, knowing he was worried. Jonathan hurried to his room, not wanting to get in trouble, stealing a glance over his shoulder once more at his mother and brother. He could tell his mom meant business but she wasn't angry. She was rubbing Will's back as his crying subsided. After a moment, she lifted him to sit on her lap again, holding him snugly.

"Your bike is going to be staying here for awhile. No riding till I say so," she added, her chin resting on top of his head. Will gave a choked cry but didn't argue, burying his face into the crook of his mom's neck, tears still falling.

"Shh, it's okay sweetie. I love you." She whispered in a soothing voice, her hand rubbing his back.

"I love you too Mama," he sniffed. "I'm really sorry."

"I know you are. It's over," she reassured him, running her fingers through his hair. "Why don't you go show your brother you're alright? Maybe wash your face? I'll get dinner started."

Will pulled back from her embrace and nodded, wiping his cheeks

with his palms and taking deep breaths. He carefully stood up and exhaled, his right hand rubbing his backside absentmindedly. He muttered a soft "Ow" under his breath as he walked down the hall, still attempting to rub out the sting. He went first to the bathroom to splash water on his face. His eyes were still red and his cheeks blotchy. Why was I so dumb and talk back to my mom like that, he thought to himself, the sting in his bottom starting to fade but still there as an aching reminder.

"Hey," he said shyly to his big brother as he opened the door to his bedroom. Jonathan rose from his bed to turn down the blaring stereo.

"Hey, buddy, are you okay?" The concern was evident in Jonathan's voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Will answered softly, still sniffing and running a hand back and forth across his backside.

"Sorry you got in trouble. I tried to help, you know. I was trying to get your attention and tell you to shut up."

Will nodded, a slight smile on his face. He loved and idolized Jonathan. He knew his brother would always be there for him.

"I know. I was just so mad..." Will replied, his voice trailed off with the guilt of how he'd acted.

"She's taking my bike away too...I don't know for how long," he said, his voice cracking as saying that part out loud brought tears to his eyes once again. Why, oh why, was I so dumb, he mentally beat himself up.

"Sorry, buddy," Jonathan said sympathetically, putting a comforting arm around Will's shoulder. "She didn't get that dang wooden spoon, did she?" Jonathan asked, ruffling Will's hair. He knew the answer to the question but couldn't resist teasing his brother a little. He liked seeing him smile after getting in trouble. Will just shook his head and Jonathan shuddered, a grin breaking out across his face. Will found himself chuckling too.

"I thought about hiding it once. But I chickened out. I just knew I'd

end up getting my butt busted anyway," Jonathan snickered, poking Will in the side which tickled, and made Will laugh out loud.

"Thanks big brother," Will sighed, still smiling, grateful for Jonathan making him feel better.

"Boys!" Their mother's voice came from the kitchen. "Come help me finish dinner please!"

"Let's go," Jonathan said, walking out of his room with his arm still around Will's shoulder. "No one wants to get in any more trouble."

"You got that right," Will mumbled, heading toward the kitchen.